

And *Montague* our Top-Mast: what of him?
 Our slaughter'd friends, the Tackles: what of these?
 Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
 And *Somerset*, another goodly Mast?
 The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
 And though vnskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
 For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
 We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,
 But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
 From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack,
 As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire,
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthlesse Sea?
 What *Clarence*, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
 And *Richard*, but a rag'd fatall Rocke?
 All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
 Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
 Beside the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.
 This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,
 If case some one of you would flye from vs,
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
 More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
 Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
 'Twere childish weaknesse to lament, or feare.
Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
 Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
 Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
 And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
 I speake not this, as doubting any here:
 For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
 He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,
 Least in our need he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
 If any such be here, as God forbid,
 Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.
Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage,
 And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.
 Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
 Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,
 To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.
Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
 Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.
Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerset*, sweet *Oxford* thankes.
Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing
 else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
 Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Pollicie,
 To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprovided.
Som. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse.
Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.
Oxf. Here pitch our Battail, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*,
Clarence, and *Souldiers*.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,
 Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,
 Must by the Roots be hewne vp yet ere Night.
 I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
 For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
 Gue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
 My teares gaine-say: for euery word I speake,
 Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
 Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
 Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,
 His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subiects slaine,
 His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
 And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
 You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
 Be valiant, and gue signall to the fight.
Alarm, Retreat, Excursions.

Flourish. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*, *Queene*, *Clarence*,
Oxford, *Somerset*.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles,
 Away with *Oxford* to Hames Castle straight:
 For *Somerset*, off with his guiltie Head.
 Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
 To meet with Ioy in sweet Ierusalem.
Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
 Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?
Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake,
 What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
 For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subiects,
 And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect, prowd ambitious *Turke*,
 Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouch,
 Resigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,
 Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,
 Which (Traytor) thou would'st haue me answer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had bene so resolu'd.
Rich. That you might still haue worne the Petticoat,
 And ne're haue stolne the Breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Asop* fable in a Winters Night,
 His Curious Riddles sorts not with this place.
Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.
Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe,
 rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue,
Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:

Lasciuous *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
 And thou mis-shapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,
 I am your better, Traytors as ye are.

And thou vsurp't my Fathers right and mine.
Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

Rich. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Qu. Oh, kill me too?

Rich. Marry, and shall.

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why

Rich. Why should shee liue, to fill the World with
 words.

Edw. What? doth shee frowne? yse meanes for her
 recouerie.

Rich. *Clarence* excuse me to the King my Brother:

hence to London on a serious matter,
 Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

Cl. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Qu. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speake to thy Mother Boy.

Can'st thou not speake? O Traitors, Murderers!

They that stabb'd *Cesar*, shed no blood at all:

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
 If this foule deed were by, to equall it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,
 And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.

What's worse then Murderer, that I may name it?
 No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,

And I will speake, that so my heart may burst:
 Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,

How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely crop't:
 You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,

The thought of them would haue stirr'd vp remorse,
 But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,

Looke in his youth to haue him so cur off.
 As deathsmen you haue rid this sweet young Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:

Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:
 What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Cl. By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do: sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Cl. Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou vswest to forswear thy selfe.

'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt thou? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*?

Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murder is thy Almes-deed:
 Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.

Ed. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence,
Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Ed. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cl. To London all in post, and as I guesse,

To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, discharge the common fort
 With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,

And fee our gentle Queene how well she fares,
 By this (Thope) she hath a Sonne for me.

Enter *Henry* the sixth, and *Richard*, with the Lieutenant
 on the Wall.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so
 hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,
 'Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better:

'Good Gloster, and good Deuill, were alike,
 And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our felues, we must conferre.

Hen. So flies the wreacklesse shepherd from y Wolfe:

So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,
 And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath *Rossius* now to Acte?

Rich. Suspicion alwayes haunts the guilty minde,